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DATE: 28 JUNE 1952, VOLUME 35, NUMBER 26
BOOK REVIEW: STUPIDITY AND RUIN -- PEOPLE OF THE DEER
AUTHOR: FARLEY MOWAT
REVIEWER: IVAN T. SANDERSON
PAGE 17

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The Saturday Review

JUNE 28, 1952

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Reviewed by Pat Frank

MUSIC FOR MOHINI, by Bhabani Bhattacharya
Reviewed by Robert Payne

BARBARIANS IN OUR MIDST, by Virgil W. Peterson
Reviewed by John Bartlow Martin

THE TROUBLE-MAKERS, by Benjamin Epstein and Arnold Forster
Reviewed by Bartley C. Crum

THE CHATTANOOGA COUNTRY, by G. E. Govan and J. W. Livingood
Reviewed by Ralph Morrissey

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARCTIC TERN, by Constance and Harmon Helmericks
Reviewed by Richard Peckham

PEOPLE OF THE DEER, by Farley Mowat
Reviewed by Ivan T. Sanderson

THE LAW OF LARION, by Peter Freuchen
Reviewed by Hector Chevigny

FOURTEEN MEN, by Arthur Scholes
HUDSON'S BAY TRADER, by Lord Tweedsmuir
Reviewed by Raymond Holden

SAILING TO FREEDOM, by Voldemar Veedam and Carl B. Wall
Reviewed by Everett S. Allen

SUBMARINE! by Commdr. Edward L. Beach, USN
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt

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LITERARY I.Q.

LITERARY CRYPT

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GUIDE TO BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, by Mary Gould Davis

THE CRIMINAL RECORD

THE FILM FORUM, by Cecile Starr

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 953

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscriptions a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXV, No. 26, June 28, 1952. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1932, at Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1952 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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Man & Nature.

Every era has had its men anxious To Get Away from It All, but probably none has had as many as the Atomic Age. If this season's books are a fair criterion, the tropical isle has been displaced by more frigid climes as the favorite refuge of armchair escapists. The Arctic is the scene of the adventures experienced and described by Constance and Harmon Helmericks in "The Flight of the Arctic Tern" (below), Farley Mowat's "People of the Deer" (page 17), and Lord Tweedsmuir's "Hudson's Bay Trader" (page 18); Peter Freuchen has written a fascinating fictionalized account of an Indian tribe in Russian Alaska a century ago in "The Law of Larion" (page 17). A desolate, wind-swept island is the scene of Arthur Sholes's tribulations in "Fourteen Men" (page 18). Vicarious adventure of another sort is available through "Sailing to Freedom," (page 19), a moving account of a heroic transatlantic voyage to escape the Soviet NKVD.

North of the Frozen Frontiers

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARCTIC TERN. By Constance and Harmon Helmericks. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 321 pp. $4.50.

By Richard Peckham

THE Helmericks are by this time among the best known of Arctic writer-travelers. They spend a good part of each year in and about Alaska and, during the remaining months, go about the country lecturing and showing their pictures and Eskimo "costumes," as Mrs. Helmericks calls them. They are among those enviable people who have been able to do what they wanted to do and to make it pay. This happy situation is not the result of accident.

Anyone familiar with their earlier books will see the gradual development of this extraordinary exploring team from shoestring economy to affluence. From the time they first pushed up river, north of the Yukon, to find the country which they were to make their own, it never occurred to them that they could not do what they wished to do or that they could fail to find the means to do it. In Arctic Alaska and Canada this takes courage and resourcefulness as well as determination.

This new book shows how far those combined qualities have carried them. Here is a narrative of adventure which to those unfamiliar with the history, climate, and topography of the American Arctic may seem less remarkable then it is. Connie and Bud Helmericks, after a sketchy three months of flying instruction, bought a small—eighty-five horse power—float plane and took off from Westport, Conn., via Boston, for Hughes, Alaska, in the center of the region which they had adopted as their own. They had already picked out a lake (not on the map) which was theirs for the taking. Here, on the southern side of the Brooks Range of the Arctic Circle, they built a base cabin from which they took off on journey after journey over northern Alaska and northeastern Canada which carried them from Point Barrow to the eastern side of Coronation Gulf, an airline distance of at least twelve hundred miles. All in all they must have covered more than ten times that distance in the air with only minor mishaps. Flying in the Arctic—in summer at least—is not just a matter of going from one airport to another. Most of the landmarks are not on the map. The compass, because of nearness of the erratic North netic pole, is unreliable, and you never tell what kind of surface may have to land on. You may off with floats and find that you wheels to land or if you have you may be unable to take without skis. Bud Helmericks to have had an instinct for this of flying. The fact that in all his of bush piloting he did not get any serious trouble, in spite of a of limited range, one which was light for the work it was doing. him look extremely good.

No one should think that there nothing but adventure in this cinating book. There are, above people. Missionaries, teachers, ties, pilots, pioneers, soldiers and important, Eskimo. Mrs. He gives an excellent and appealing ture of the changes which have over the American Arctic and its ple since the war. Congressional pidity, the Army and Navy and airplane have combined to nullify Eskimo's natural adaptability and beginning to make of his wond world something with which he soon be unable to cope. The time come when he should be treated citizen and not as a step-child.

A great many people will envy Helmericks their life and their thusiasm for it and still more will ply be glad to hear about it. Mrs. H ericks is occasionally careless statements—such as that she rea Boston by flying north from West or that Kotzibue, Alaska, is one dred miles from Nome (it is al twice that)—and the publishers remiss in not providing her book a map, but the story of the *Arc Tern* is both refreshing and valu

The Helmericks—"courage and resourcefulness."

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By Ivan

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Ivan T. Sanders
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OF THE DEER. By Farley
Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
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IVAN T. SANDERSON

is a really great book; out-
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n the author writes viv-
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that the tale, which is
a wonderful, documentary
continues as a mounting cres-
of dramatic detonations, with
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picks up the bits and pieces
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icated precision of a great sur-
So profoundly does the author
ery word he writes about his
subject that his presumably
companion, Andrew Lawrie,
times completely forgotten for
and chapters on end. What is
y the most terrific experience
Lawrie's and Mowat's dash out
Arctic, down an impossible river
ky canoe—is disposed of in a
f paragraphs.
Mowat is a Canadian, and he
the great Barren Lands to the
f Hudson's Bay just south of the
circle in his own country to
about a group of inland Eskimo
as the Ihalmuit, who lived al-
exclusively on the caribou which
te four times annually through
land. What he learned by living
the pathetic remnants of this
rful little race of Nature's most

perfected gentlemen, learning their language and their history, and fighting the terrifying northern elements at their side, so enraged him that when he came to set down the record, he contrived the most damning indictment of his own government and country, the so-called white race and its Anglo-Saxon branch in particular, the Christian religion, and civilization as a whole, that had ever been written. We agree with every word Farley Mowat says, for we have seen at first-hand similar occurrences in other parts of the world.

What the book tells is how we, in our greed, stupidity, indifference, and inefficiency, have murdered a race of

—From "People of the Deer."

thousands of the most basically honest, peaceful, and courageous human beings that ever lived. What is more, we accomplished this in just half a century, using as weapons cultural forces which we consider the pride of our vaunted civilization—trade, religion, and morals. As a mere sideline, as the author points out, we have also wrecked the entire natural economy of a huge land, and almost exterminated several vast races of beautiful wild animals.

Any Eskimo, or American Indian for that matter, reading this book may be expected to burst into tears or run amuck. We almost hope it will be the latter, because we feel like indulging in the former. Well done, Mr. Mowat, even if, as you fear, your splendid effort be too late to right a great wrong.

T. Sanderson is the compiler anthology entitled "Animal and has produced television about wild life.

The Indian's "Why?"

THE LAW OF LARION. By Peter Freuchen. Translated by Evelyn Ramsden. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 313 pp. $3.75.

By HECTOR CHEVIGNY

THIS book is not a book easily laid down. I hope it proves to be one also easily picked up. Few subjects appear more remote than the lives of an Indian chief and his people on the Yukon a century ago. That our version has to be in translation furthers this feeling of remoteness and the uninspired title does nothing to help. If it is not true that really good books inevitably overcome such handicaps, all but Freuchen devotees will be denied some weird and wonderful reading. This is fresh stuff, stimulating and exciting, a story constructed with fine skill. It may even be, in its way, a great book. That way is peculiarly Peter Freuchen's, the result of his genius for making primitive peoples come literally alive.

Most writers who have tried to express Indian thinking have done so by translating it into terms entirely the white man's. Not Peter Freuchen. He not only shows that the Indian thinking is something very different from the white man's, he shows in what this thinking consists, its compulsions and motivations. His method of doing this is interesting. He simply obeys the first rule of the dramatist, which is to make characters act and not merely to talk about them. Mr. Freuchen offers little more special explanation for the actions of his characters than another good writer might about the people in a novel concerning, say, some peculiar Irish village. From his first paragraph his Indians emerge as distinct individuals, yet so completely do we grasp the general type we can quickly distinguish eccentrics from the normals. This, manifestly, takes some doing. Freuchen does it.

In 1851, Chief Larion decided to attack a trading-post the Russians had established at Nulato on the Yukon. It was one of those apparently senseless acts which have given the Indian a reputation for lack of logic, capriciousness, and treachery. The Russians' relations with their neighbors and customers, as such relations go, had been by and large excellent. Their presence had brought peace to the district, increased economic security to the natives. There had been no serious interferences with tribal customs and religion. Larion, who had originally protected the Russians, admitted all this. Yet he found himself at length

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Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien

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'Oh, the difference to me'

TODAY the author of *The Wasteland* and *The Cocktail Party* is credited with having changed the course of English poetry. Yet no literary engineering project has actually diverted its main stream since that TVA (Titanic Verse Authority) conceived and carried through by William Wordsworth, who died one hundred years ago.

With the publication in 1798 of Lyrical Ballads, the flood of English verse — "which to the open sea of the world's praise, from dark antiquity hath flowed" — took a new direction. And has kept it.

Wordsworth undertook to lend magic to the commonplace; Coleridge, his collaborator, was trying to "domesticate the magical." Between them they supplied an excellent one-sentence commentary on *The Wasteland* and *The Cocktail Party*.

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DATE: 9 JUNE 1951 - VOLUME XXXIV #23

Science. *Scholarly gentlemen of other centuries invariably found "natural history" science's most fascinating aspect. In our own time, although science has assumed many more and wondrously fascinating faces, it is manifestations of natural history—zoology, botany, and the like—that captivate the greatest number of intelligent laymen. Small wonder, then, that of the fine popular-science books reviewed here most should be works of natural history. Two deal with that form of animal life dearest to man's heart, Homo sapiens: Abraham Myerson's "Speaking of Man" (page 19) is a wise neurologist's reflections on the foibles of mankind, and Robert C. Cook's "Human Fertility" (page 20) is a study of the threat implicit in man's urge to reproduce. Two other books deal with forms of life commonly considered lower than man: Willy Ley's engaging "Dragons in Amber" (see below) and C. H. Curran's "Insects in Your Life" (page 31).*

—Olga Ley.

Willy Ley—"absolutely unique."

Natural History—Ancient & Great

DRAGONS IN AMBER. By Willy Ley. New York: The Viking Press. 328 pp. $3.75.

By Ivan T. Sanderson

THE NATURALIST putting this book down will be left with one minor peeve, a lot of unanswered questions, and the normal list of petty quibbles. The general reader—and this excellently written book should have many—will lay it down gently and with a feeling of excitement and wonder. Naturalist and general reader will probably share only one question—"Who chose the title?"

Willy Ley's books are of two distinct categories. One type is concerned with rockets and space flight and is based upon his profound command of engineering principles and of rockets themselves, for he was the secretary of the first German Rocket Society. The second type, represented by his previous "The Lungfish, the Dodo, and the Unicorn" and now by "Dragons in Amber," is really out of his field, but both of these books are so well-researched and well-written and so absolutely unique in modern popular scientific literature that they can only be classed as textbooks. Although they will be used as such by naturalists and writers, this statement is not intended to mean that they are anything but highly readable.

Willy Ley fills the pages of his books with a seemingly endless parade of interesting facts, including the real details of so many little items that we have "just heard about somewhere." His approach to any subject that he tackles is a model for the popularizer of scientific research. He always proceeds as if upon an expedition, so that even the pursuit of some mineralized old bone found when blasting a new sewage ditch takes on something of Alan Quartermaine's exercises in search of King Solomon's mines.

"Dragons in Amber," however, labors under a ridiculous load foisted upon it by its title. Dragons there are, though of a rather abstruse type, in the form of the extinct marine *Ichthyosaurs* of the Liassic slates, and amber there is in plenty; but the nearest thing found in the latter which could in any way be construed as having any connection with the former is a two-and-a-half-inch immature lizard, the only backboned animal ever found in amber. Surely "Dragons and Amber" would have been just as eye-catching and glamorous a title.

The book is divided into three parts that really have nothing to do with one another—except that they are all part of the great and ancient philosophy of natural history, a department of knowledge that is now so sorely neglected and has been fractionated by hosts of industrious technologists whose sole desire seems to be to measure everything. Willy Ley takes us back to the thrills of earlier days when men of learning with inquiring minds still liked to dig in the earth with their own hands, wander about inner Asia on ponies in pursuit of zoological myths, or go sailing in search of the breeding places of eels. This approach is 60 per cent accountable for the charm of the book; another 20 per cent may be added for the very human approach of the author to the very human side of science, which is so notable in the field but often so sadly lacking in laboratories. Everybody is interested in personal anecdotes about men who have made important discoveries. Such trivia may alter the whole course of history—a fact which Willy Ley fully appreciates.

The actual contents of this book cannot and should not be given away in a review; they are too multifarious and too priceless. However, that which is not included may be worth mentioning.

Mr. Ley has only scratched the surface of his three major subjects: Records in Stone (another bad title, because three out of five are not), The Last of Their Kind, and Wanderers Across the Planet. Under the first heading we hope that he will go on to tackle such items as the woolly rhinoceroses preserved in oil in Poland, microscopic fossils in chert flakes, and priceless relics preserved in acid peat bogs, hot-spring outflows, and so forth. The second heading might include many other animals and plants alive today which may be said to be living-fossils. Each has a fascinating story, and many are teetering on the brink of extinction. As for the Wanderers, Willy Ley is obviously the man to tackle the knotty, and to orthodox biologists the somewhat unpleasant, subject of other odd animals that have turned up in the wrong places, like the alleged eight-foot alligator in a New York sewer and the freshly dead brown bear in a Brooklyn ditch.

This is a finely produced volume, as far as we can determine free of any editorial lapses or typesetting slips. There are a number of statements of fact with which any naturalist will disagree, but it is, withal, an authoritative and charmingly written book.

Ivan T. Sanderson is the compiler of an anthology entitled "Animal Tales" and has produced radio and television shows about wild life.

Saturday Review - Sister 15 April 1950

page 53

MAGAZINE: THE SATURDAY REVIEW
DATE: 15 APRIL 1950
PAGE 53

Memories of a Supreme Court Justice

OF MEN AND MOUNTAINS. By William O. Douglas. New York: Harper & Bros. 338 pp. $4.

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

IT IS always interesting to meet the man who dwells within a mantle of fame. The human being hidden behind the dignity of the law is perhaps more obscure and elusive than any other, for the proper dispensation of justice excludes the exercise of all personal emotions. That which is revealed when we are permitted to look behind the artificial character of those whose names are widely known to the public at large is often very surprising.

"Of Men and Mountains" is written by a man named William O. Douglas. This same gentleman is more widely known as Mr. Justice Douglas, of the U. S. Supreme Court, a position of the utmost prominence, which he has held for some years. If anyone may have gained the impression that the Supreme Court is packed with aloofness and austerity they should buy or borrow this book, for herein you will meet a most human soul. In fact, it is a pity the volume could not have been called "Of a Man and Mountains."

William Douglas must originally stem from Scotland, as his august and historical name implies. We learn with some surprise that he got to Yakima, Washington, and its surrounding mountains, of which he now writes so gently, via California. What is more, his father appears to have reached the latter via Nova Scotia. Now, just as this westward migration of his family epitomizes an earlier trend in our history, the author's own story of an eastward trek to fame and recognition aptly sums up a more recent theme. Here was a lad, son of a country minister, who earned his small keep from a tender age by labor in fields and packing houses, almost crippled by infantile paralysis when a child, who yet fought his way back to health and strength by simple decency, industry, and fortitude. Then we see him riding freight trains east to enter, of all things, law school. So modest is the author, however, that it is left to the reader to assume that he made the last few hundred miles in the ten days allotted him. Otherwise, how could William Douglas of Yakima now turn out to be the Douglas of the Supreme Court? The story is so typical that it is almost trite, but it is nonetheless a modern American epic.

There is, however, nothing of the "epic" about this book; in fact, one can piece the story together only from occasional anecdotal asides. This is praiseworthy in itself, but it is doubly satisfactory because it allows the author to expand at will throughout some 300 pages on his interpretation and reminiscences of an enormous variety of delightful things. The variety would be bewildering were it not for the title, which adequately sums up the whole and provides the key to everything. This is the mountains.

Mr. Douglas mentions in the introduction that he has made considerable studies of the wildlife, ecology, and soils of the region of which he writes, and that they are to be published soon. We sincerely hope so, for this popular work includes innumerable hints of his very wide knowledge of these subjects.

Besides all of which, the author somehow manages to introduce us to a number of his colorful boyhood friends in a manner that is all too rare among authors, but probably natural to a man such as he. Among these we single out Billy McGuffie, the Scots sheepherder, who now proves for all time that his race is not tight-pursed, and one Jack Nelson, who could not get a coveted job because he was not married, but rectified this omission within the week allowed him before the post was filled. This fellow rode a stage sixty miles to a place called Bumping Lake, found the girl of his choice, was back in time, got the job, and has lived there ever since—thirty-seven years to be exact.

These are the friends of a very charming man with a great heart, staunch principles, and an extraordinary eye for the beauty of nature, which he has the happy facility of putting into straightforward prose.

His collected essays range from Tacitus to Kinsey, from Mark Twain to Freud

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THE LIBERAL IMAGINATION

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND SOCIETY

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Spring and Her Pursuers

***"Circle of the Seasons," by Edwin Way Teale** (Dodd, Mead. 306 pp. $4), is the daybook of a naturalist-man of letters. Alan Devoe, who reviews it below, is the author of "Our Animal Neighbors" and other volumes on wild life.*

By Alan Devoe

THE journal, almanac, or daybook —its limits sometimes set by a season, sometimes by the duration of a voyage, most often by the span of a calendar year—is a form in which many literary naturalists have liked to compose books. Donald Culross Peattie's "An Almanac for Moderns," Joseph Wood Krutch's "The Twelve Seasons," Aldo Leopold's "Sand County Almanac" . . . the list is long. In a journal a nature-observer can be episodic, discursive, briskly brief, or extensively contemplative at whim, and still achieve a work that has entity and unity by virtue of the terms that bound it. A year's journal takes from its calendar-terms something of nature's circular completeness.

Though the form is traditional, it does not stale. This, of course, is because a journal is peculiarly personal. In a specially revelatory way it is its author. Though all devotees of nature have their affinity, they have their individualities and difference. On any 19th of January (or 10th of June or whatever) one naturalist is concerned to listen to bird-song in a transcendental rapture, another is busy scientifically poking at a frog's trigeminal ganglia, another is remembering Agassiz, a fourth is possibly brooding upon the consciousness of bats. Nature on her own has no year. The year is the man.

The man whose year comes into print in Edwin Way Teale's "Circle of the Seasons" is warmly engaging. Readers of Mr. Teale's earlier nature books already know him somewhat, of course. They know him for a sharp, informed watcher of outdoors, perennially in the spirit (as he says) of a schoolboy on the last day of school. They know him for a prodigious fund of nature-lore, and for sober care and reliability when he puts it forth. They know his zestful outgoingness of mind toward earth and the things of earth, a hearty relish rarely complicated by too mazy intellections or fits of nature-mystic vapors. In sum: fine company for a hike, and of course the taker of just about the best nature photographs today.

IN "Circle of the Seasons" this friendly, expert, and likable nature-companion is writ large. We are with him around a year of his days: walking for his newspaper and seizing the chance to note auditory discrimination in a cat; standing amid August asters, watching a *Chlorion* digger wasp at her odd rites; walking in squeaky snow, and finding out why it squeaks; watching blackbirds, watching spiders, watching turtles, watching the sky, watching all the minutiae of outdoors with a keen, trained eye and the delight of a responsive heart. Withal, here are his photographs. They are splendid.

As befits the journal tradition, "Circle of the Seasons" is sometimes meditative. There are thinkings about death, evolution, the "untaught wisdom" of animals, our human participance in nature and our apartness. But such considerings are never oppressively long or hard going. The occasional aphorisms, of a Thoreauvian cast, are briefly interjected. Mostly this is the unimpeded journal of a naturalist looking at his world with the bright, healthy interest of that eager schoolboy he salutes: delighting to tell what he has seen, what he has heard, what he has read, what the squirrel did in the treetop and what a day of fun was had with John Kieran in the park. It is a trove of good nature-lore and good spirits.

A Stubborn Jumper

***"Kangaroo," by Henry G. Lamond** (John Day. 247 pp. $3.50), is an Australian nature writer's primer to the whys and wherefores of the animal that has become synonymous with his homeland. Here it is reviewed by Ivan T. Sanderson, producer of radio and television shows dealing with animal life.*

By Ivan T. Sanderson

ALMOST everything about Australia is odd and somewhat mysterious to those of us who live elsewhere. The world knows all too little about the continent, and particularly about its unique wild life, which is of incredible variety and, to our eyes, of most bizarre form. Just about the only form everybody knows, at least by name, is the continent's king of beasts—the kangaroo. But how much do we really know of this animal? Read Henry G. Lamond's simple, straightforward tale "Kangaroo" and you will find out. You will be stunned.

Mr. Lamond is a leading Australian nature writer, and is by no means unknown in that guise in this country. He is Australian all through, sharing with a strangely disproportionate number of his countrymen the ability to tell a tale so that anybody can understand it despite the plethora of strange names and terms indigenous to his land. His knowledge of his native fauna and of the kangaroo in particular is very wide. What he now tells us of the latter will probably be almost one hundred percent new, even to students of nature. Were it not Mr. Lamond writing probably nobody would believe that a four-year-old buck 'roo can stand seven feet six inches even when poised on toe and tail tip, and weigh over three hundred pounds. Countless other facts of equal unexpectedness crop up on almost every page of the book.

The kangaroos, and there are many species, quite apart from wallaroos, wallabies, tree-kangaroos, and other forms closely or more distantly related, are the most outstanding living members of that group of furred animals or mammals known as the marsupials or "pouched-ones." The majority are found only in Australia, New Guinea, and some associated islands. They once inhabited the whole earth, and there are remnants left in South America in the form of the small opossums, one species of which abounds in our own country and is known to everybody. They are left-overs from the age of the dinosaurs, when their tiny ancestors wisely

Every now and then you get the idea that radio people *hate* good reviews. Let the reviewers praise a program, and, bingo, it's either dropped or switched to 11:30 p.m., Tuesday.

Take Leon Pearson, NBC's "Critic At Large," the only network book critic. His program has been praised so often it has been shoved all over the schedule. Currently, it's at the end of "Weekend," between 5:45 and 6 p.m. (EST) Sunday. Try it for perceptive comment and up-to-date news on books, plays, magazines and movies.

¶ On the other hand, the history of CBS's "Invitation to Learning" offers some hope. Although a longtime critics' favorite, it has stayed pretty well put. Its intelligent discussion of worthwhile books now comes at 11:35 a.m. (EST) Sunday, and is well worth getting up that early to hear.

¶ Sunday afternoon begins and ends with these programs. In between you can do the crossword, or lie down with the comics over your head and listen to the Philharmonic. Or you can read a book.

¶ If you do the last, you might try Anchor Books. This series of paper books for the serious reader offers, for less than a dollar, such excellent works as "The Lonely Crowd," Gide's "Lafcadio's Adventures" and Lionel Trilling's "The Liberal Imagination."

Six new Anchor Books have been issued. They include "The Mind of the South," Malinowski's "Magic, Science and Religion," W. J. Turner's "Mozart," and "Teacher in America" by Jacques Barzun.

There are now 30 Anchor Books. If you would like a complete list, a postcard to me will bring you one by return mail.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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kept out of sight. Above all, these small-brained creatures excel in two respects, tenacity and persistence. Only in Australia were they isolated and left alone to work out their destiny. Some of them grew as big as rhinos, and died away, but none came out better fitted to that strange environment than the kangaroo. Then came primitive man.

The meeting has not been a happy one for the kangaroos, but it has not proved wholly disastrous as yet. Mr. Lamond's tale is fictional in form, but obviously based upon very definite incidents, and we are therefore very happy to note a pronounced thread of sympathy for the 'roos entwined in the tale. Even hardened professional kangaroo hunters allow themselves emotions regarding these beasts—emotions which they are ashamed to admit to their fellow men.

We only wish that Mr. Lamond had either confirmed or once and for all debunked the statement that our names for his hero were originally compounded of two words—*kang* and *garoo*, meaning simply "there he goes" in some aboriginal dialect.

Claws in the Jungle

"Tigrero!" by Sasha Siemel (Prentice-Hall. 266 pp. $3.95), tells the story of a man who realized an ambition to hunt the jaguar with a spear in Brazil's wild Matto Grosso country.

By J. M. Flagler

ALMOST as remarkable as the tale he tells in "Tigrero!" of thirty years' adventuring in the South American Matto Grasso is the plain fact that Sasha Siemel has lived to tell it. For violence and death are your constant companions in this horrifyingly fascinating land; if the jaguars or those monstrous little flesh-eating fish, the piranha, don't get you the chances are fairly good that you will be shot or knifed by one of the lawless breed of desperados who infest the swamps and decaying frontier villages of the Brazilian wilderness. Siemel's own brother Ernst was murdered from ambush in a revenge killing, and the author saw a homicidal enemy of his own ripped to shreds by a pack of piranha. "School" is hardly the collective designation for these razor-teethed throwbacks.

Matto Grosso itself is a throwback, probably the residue of some inland sea long receded, leaving thousands of square miles of rank, marshy valleys and humpbacked ridges. In the rainy season the valleys are flooded and men and animals perish each year by drowning. A few months later the tropical sun and the dry winds off the surrounding barren upland plains have left only stagnant pools, and the carcasses of stranded fish rotting on the ridge slopes fill the air with a deathly stench.

Not a very pretty picture, is it? Nor is it the place you would expect a fair-skinned native of Latvia to call home. Yet, young Alexander Siemel left his Baltic birthplace at the age of sixteen to join Ernst in Argentina, and together they made their way into the interior of Brazil, working as mechanics, silversmiths, diamond prospectors, always restlessly searching, for what they themselves could not even say. Sasha—diminutive for Alexander—was the more restless of the two, and it was that very restlessness which eventually forced the brothers to go their separate ways, Ernst to his death in a town in the Brazilian backwoods and his young brother into the jungles of Matto Grosso.

Sasha had come to realize what he wanted. It was to be a *tigrero*, a hunter of the South American jaguar, or *tigre*, with a spear. Only a few natives of the region qualified as *tigreros*, and only one of these, an ancient derelict of an Indian, had the reputation of being a lone spear-hunter. Siemel found this man, and a kinship developed between them. Under Joaquim Guato's guidance, Siemel became the only white *tigrero*.

IT was not a field in which he was likely to find much competition. The jaguar is a cunning creature, ranging up to ten feet in length and four hundred pounds in weight. His jaws can break a man's back, and his claws can rip open the side of a bull with a single stroke. Siemel became the *tigre's* master, for many years roaming the jungles alone until the strain became too great even for his steely nerves. Eventually he had to bring companions along with him on his *tigre*-hunting expeditions.

"Tigrero!" is a compact autobiography, its harrowing episodes related in an effectively matter-of-fact manner. While it probably won't stir

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Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE TANTALIZING TYPIST

A bookstore clerk unversed in the touch system inventoried a quantity of stock and contrived to make an error of a single letter in each of twenty entries. You are asked to emend his text and to assign each corrected title to the rightful author. If, of the forty pieces of information required, you dredge up thirty, you should be pleased but not elated, 31-35, happy but not satisfied, 36-40, moderately content (if 40, fully content). Answers on page 67.

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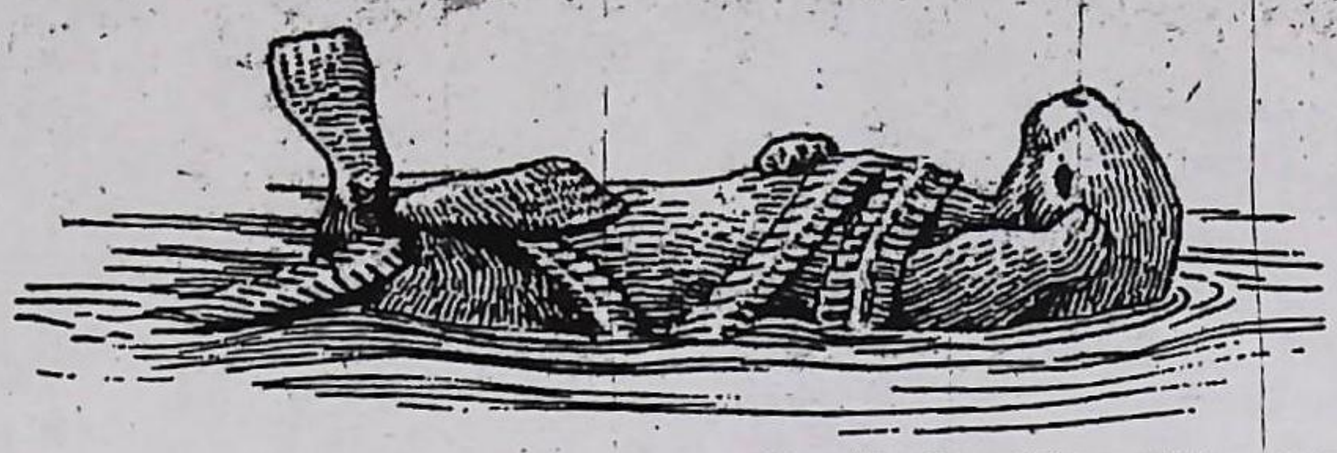

—From "The Natural History of Mammals."

A sea otter wrapped in an alga to prevent drifting while asleep.

The World of Warm Blood

***"The Natural History of Mammals," by François Bourlière** (translated by H. M. Parshley. Alfred A. Knopf. 363 pp. $5), is a popular account of scientific investigation lately conducted into the real nature of the animals that inhabit the Earth, with some attention to fields open for future inquiry. Ivan T. Sanderson, our reviewer, conducts a science program televised by the National Broadcasting Company.*

By Ivan T. Sanderson

WE, the mammalian species currently called Modern Man, appear to have been around for some 100,000 years, according to those specialists who have delved most profoundly into our past, troglodytic and otherwise. Throughout 99 per cent of this vast stretch of time the principal interest of our species was the behavior of other species of animals, simply because our very existence depended upon their behavior and our knowledge of their ways.

With the advent of so-called civilization, some oddly erroneous ideas upon this subject became current, and as a result of the engineering prowess of Rome, a great deal that had previously been learned about the other forms of life on our planet became not only garbled but subverted. The Western world, at least, entered a period of considerable asininity regarding the subject. This has not yet been overcome despite the careful delvings of truly scientific investigators during the last two centuries.

A very great deal that is still to be found in currently used textbooks is rubbish copied from eighteenth-century maunderings of French and German savants swamped with specimens of unknown creatures from all over the then unknown world, who had naught but a few Western European animals with which to compare them. The infant science of zoology spent the next century cataloguing the new finds. It had little time for anything else.

Then came a band of truly rugged individualists—Darwin, Wallace, Bates, Humboldt, *et al.*—who deliberately set out to ascertain how animals other than those of Western Europe actually lived. Few laymen believed what they told, but all rendered them lip-service. Then came the modern "naturalists," led by William Beebe. By this time the public was reeducated enough to believe, but it was still almost two decades before the science of zoology itself caught up with the popular trend. Then much and far more research was undertaken to ascertain how animals live. A tremendous volume of patient, careful work was done; a great deal still is being done and published from time to time.

François Bourlière's "The Natural History of Mammals" is actually the first comprehensive attempt to present the modern findings about the real behavior of mammals—not just that of specimens kept in laboratories. It is a compendium of the problems involved in such research and the limited lines of attack thus far made upon those problems by investigators. Its greatest merit is that it constantly emphasizes the vast amount of work still to be done and even gives advice as to which aspects of the investigation might well first be attacked. Mr. Bourlière has brought together in one modest volume a grand, embracing picture of perhaps the most important field of research open to humanity. He has written it with that beautiful logic for which the French have become renowned.

Sharers of Earth

***"Our Wildlife Legacy," by Durward L. Allen** (Funk & Wagnalls. 422 pp. $5), is a popularly written, yet authoritative, account of what is being done in the field of wildlife conservation and what needs doing. Below it is reviewed by A. Starker Leopold, staff member of the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology at the University of California, Berkeley.*

By A. Starker Leopold

IN EVERY FIELD of scientific endeavor there is need for a periodic summing-up of recent progress—a reinterpretation of what is known and what needs finding out, of what is being done and what needs doing. Five years ago, Durward L. Allen set upon this task for the field of wildlife conservation. The outcome, "Our Wildlife Legacy," is the most significant wildlife book that has appeared in the last two decades.

Wildlife conservation, as a branch of applied science, had a most unscientific beginning. When Theodore Roosevelt introduced the idea of resource conservation through "wise use," the nation was receptive but technically unprepared. Initial emphasis was upon conservation of forests and of wildlife (soil and water conservation came later). There were at that time a few available foresters trained in Europe and they logically moved into key positions in shaping the national program for forest management. Likewise they saw to it that technical schools were established at once to produce professionally trained foresters who could man the expanding program. Forestry quickly became an accepted and honorable profession.

The converse happened in wildlife management. There were no trained practitioners. The task was not centralized in the Federal Government, but fell to the individual states, which had been legally designated as the custodians of wildlife. State fish and game departments sprang up like mushrooms in the period from 1900 to 1910, but they were staffed with political appointees who as a group knew neither more nor less about their jobs than the average hunter or legislator. As a result, the "profession" of wildlife management, if it could be called such, commanded little public respect, and any barbershop biologist felt a perfect right to pass judgment.

Science came into wildlife conservation the hard way. In the late

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is negative scholarship.

Frederick Pottle encounters the same

vocative essays in the volume are "Personification Reconsidered," by Bertrand

may bring us back to a new version of the old Johnsonian way.

Book in the News

ONE OF the most difficult tasks any author can perform is to write a book that cannot be put down once one has started reading it—particularly when its theme is a pitiable cry in a wilderness. Farley Mowat has succeeded in achieving this with **"The Desperate People"** (Little, Brown, $4.50), a well-written, sensitive, and lucid account of one of the most horrible sidelights of modern history.

It is hard, if not impossible, even to attempt to review a book when its contents raise your most elemental passions to such a white heat that you find tears in your eyes over and over again—tears as much of frustration as of horror and fury. Yet this book was never by the wildest stretch of imagination intended as a tear-jerker. To the contrary, it is a straightforward report and documented by the author with tape-recordings of the accounts of those persons whose personal histories are chronicled therein. Withal, the book is a righteous howl of anguish on the part of a man with a soul, rendered the more dramatically ghastly by the fact that he predicted these events almost to the sentence eight years ago. It is a damning indictment of just about every aspect of our culture, ethics, and religion—but most of all of our blazing stupidity and its outcome.

In 1952 Mr. Mowat wrote a book entitled "The People of the Deer," which was a startling document about his first-hand investigations of the then-current situation of the inland Eskimos of the Keewatin District of Canada's Northwest Territories. It was a pretty ghastly book, too, in the sense that it showed the actual decimation of these people by rapacious idiots unwilling or unable even to read the reports of their own scientists on the biological changes in that country.

To sum it up, the inland Eskimos had since time immemorial depended almost wholly on the annual migrations of the vast Woodland Caribou herds. These herds were fast vanishing and so the people were dying of starvation. Mr. Mowat predicted that unless something was done, and immediately, and in proper proportions, this entire race of people would be deliberately starved out of existence. Now they have been—except for sixty-five, who by a series of miracles and real Christian endeavor on the part of an outsider—a nonofficial and a mine-manager—were saved, to be belatedly helped by the newly-constituted relief and rehabilitation organization of the government.

This book is the story of the ruthless extermination of these proud little people over the last decade by the four insensate forces of stupidity: the government, the two churches (Catholic and Protestant), the much-vaunted Royal Canadian Mounted Police, entrusted with the affairs of these people, and the Hudson's Bay Company, which alone seems to have at least once or twice *tried* to do something. While in the opinion of this reviewer, Mr. Mowat leans over backwards to be fair to these groups, pointing out that their executives and executors were probably all basically men of good will, and, while this may be true, it is still no excuse for outright stupidity and obtuseness. One had always thought of Canada as a fine land with a heart and above-average intelligence in moral and political matters. I can only say, and I *can* say it as a Britisher, that I am both nauseated and appalled.

There are many damning quotes in this book. The pay-off is probably that of a government official, a Dr. Porsild, who stated, after the publication of Mr. Mowat's former book, "I am sure that Farley Mowat is pleased with [an] award and perhaps a little amused too—for he has a keen sense of humor—that his plea for 'the understanding help without which these people will vanish from the earth' has been heard. What worries me is that the Ihalmiut [the inland Eskimos concerned] people never did exist except in Mowat's imagination." So speaks authority, science, religion, and non-Eskimo "humanity." Not only the Ihalmiuts' existence but their plight has been fully documented for almost two decades in the files of the Canadian Government's departments concerned with their affairs.

The book itself is clear and unpretentious. Moreover, the publishers are to be congratulated both for the neatness of their production and their courage in releasing it. "The Desperate People" makes most engrossing reading, but I must warn you that, unless you are completely insensible to pure horror, you are in for a profound emotional experience. Accounts of millions deliberately killed in prison camps are bad enough, but the story of a gentle people just as deliberately starved into virtual extinction in the name of "kindness" and religious "soul-saving" is so utterly disgusting that it comes very close to destroying any respect one may have remaining for our own race.

—IVAN SANDERSON

—From the book.

Ihalmiut mother with her undernourished child — "a righteous howl of anguish."

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